



February, 1911

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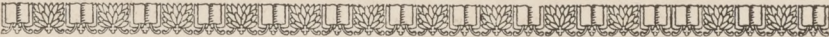
FOR SPRING WEAR

In Memoriam

Charles Earle Midlund

Died December 28, 1910

Eugene, Oregon



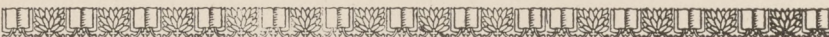
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De Sotoyoman

Literary Department

Vol. VII HEALDBSURG CALIFORNIA FEBRUARY 1911 No. 6

Mrs. Taylor's Plans

By M. L. '12

Like a thunder bolt from a clear sky came the telegram, "Am engaged, her name is Arabella Glorianna Van de Puyster" (signed) "George," Mrs. Taylor when she read it gazed in blank amazement and then comprehending the contents she wept and stormed, finally retiring to her room. She was then seen no more, until the next day at nearly noon when she emerged, her usually placid face clouded with mingled emotions, anger and disappointment most prominent, while her brooding silence and sharp actions gave indications of the raging turmoil which reigned within.

The cause of her trouble was simple enough. George was a boy whom she had taken to live with her when a lad of twelve. He was now about twenty two and a very successful traveling salesman for a large firm. When he had left her to work so far from home, Mrs. Taylor took another child, a girl, who was now about eighteen. Not liking to think that either of her proteges should leave her for homes of their own, she had decided that "dear George" must marry "my Luella." And to think that this cherished plan should come to naught because of a boy's mad passion!

It was outrageous! preposterous!! not to be thought of for a moment!!! no indeed! Mrs. Taylor would not be treated like that, so she set her wits to work so that she might frustrate the plans of her son. After thinking for some time she decided that George, never having seen Luella

could not be aware of the beauty, great talents and sweet characteristics of the charming and attractive maiden.

Naturally then he must come and find out and perhaps he would let his amazing Arabella Glorianna Van de Puyster sink into sweet oblivion. Thereupon George received a letter telling him to come home; the dear lady knowing well he would sacrifice anything for her. When George came, and was met at the depot by Mrs. Taylor and Luella, he was so delighted at the refreshing spectacle of the motherly looking woman that he hardly noticed Luella who after her first glimpse at his face began to blush and tremble, and quietly withdrew and pursued her way home alone, much suprising her worthy mother by her astonishing actions. After they reached home George, much to Mrs. Taylor's disgust began to expatiate upon the charms of his Arabella, and so absorbed was he in detailing the many virtues of this paragon that he awoke with a start to the uncomfortable fact that Mrs. Taylor was listening rather resentfully instead of with the sympathetic interest he had expected.

Then the thought flashed through his mind that the frequently written of Luella was missing and he really hadn't met her. So he paused a moment, then inquired for her, and Mrs. Taylor immediately disappeared, returning soon with the evidently reluctant girl. George gazed at her with startled

eyes for a moment and then exclaimed Mother! I could most believe that this is Arabella herself!" Mrs. Taylor raised her brows at this and murmured, "Indeed," while Luella's clear white skin became delicately rosy, as the blood ran faster through her cheeks. But She immediately recovered her usual vivacious manner, and soon the moment of embarrassment was forgotten, along with the unfortunate Arabella.

When Mrs. Taylor observed the interest George took in Luella, she was delighted, and inwardly rejoiced at her apparently successful plan. Meanwhile she did all she could to place her daughter in an attractive light, praising her domestic abilities as well as her more polished accomplishments whenever Arabella's name was introduced, until it was heard less and less frequently, never-the-less Mrs. Taylor wondered at the fact that she had not heard anything of Arabella's parents or her place of residence, and that George had as yet carried on no correspondence with her.

She did enquire once but received an evasive reply, so she was glad to let the matter drop. So matters floated on, Luella growing into George's favor so evidently that Mrs. T. thought it merely a matter of time before the old engagement should be broken and a new one formed. But she was again evidently doomed to disappointment for another bolt struck. George electrified his mother by announcing one evening as they sat before the fire, that he intended to leave the next day. Mrs. Taylor wept and implored in vain while Luella gazed in startled silence with wide eyes whose look George avoided. Mrs. Taylor then demanded an explanation. She got it. George being engaged to

Arabella had discovered he loved Luella, more.

Being the soul of honor he refused to break the engagement so he must go. It would be too hard to keep his resolution with Luella around. A strained, tense moment followed, broken at last by Luella, who, with laughing, dancing blue eyes came nearer Mrs. Taylor.

"Let me tell you a story," she said, "About my self," as she, in turn avoided the wondering gaze which George gave her. "While reading a newspaper, I glanced one day at the matrimonial bureau department"—(Here she noticed that George was carefully studying the pattern of a rose in the carpet)"and I read this ad, 'Wanted a pretty, talented girl to correspond with Wm. Tyburn. Object matrimony. References given if requested.' I thought it would be fun to answer it so we corresponded for about two months, when we exchanged photographs. About a month ago I received a formal proposal of marriage and for some wild and unimaginable reason I consented without the slightest intention of carrying out my promise. She looked up again and saw that Mrs. Taylor's face was blank and her eyes filled with bewilderment while George still studiously regarded his rose.

For a moment silence reigned, then Luella said by way of explanation, "Cousin James carried my letters back and forth for me I told him about it." At these words, moved by a sudden impulse the two young people rose and faced each other. Then with rather an unnatural seriousness George said slowly—"I was Wm. Tyburn" and Luella with sparkling eyes exclaimed happily, "and I was Arabella Glorianna Van de Puyster!"



Hitting the High Places

"Mary, You and Ann get yourselves ready and we shall call on Mrs. Armstrong this evening. Here that poor soul has been to visit us three times and we have not so much as been in side of her door yet."

So it happened my mother and sister were off to spend the evening with our neighbor. Dad and I were left alone. Although a ghost was seen now and then, the women of those days were not so nervous as they are now, and the dark held few fears for them.

As the long winter evening wore on I became tired of reading and longed for some excitement. At last my pent up mind struck upon an idea. I was always in the habit of confiding my plans to Dad, and if he approved of them it was alright so I told him this new one I had thought of, and he seemed fully as much pleased over it as I was myself. My plan was this: To take a pumpkin, fix it up with all the fiaseo's of Halloween and with a candle in it, hide myself in a certain wood near the road and wait there until the folks came by on their way home and 'scare the wits' out of them and then take a short cut home to have the laugh on them when they got there.

Well everything worked to perfection, I fixed up and got to my hiding place. But there was one thing I hadn't counted on. The time I'd have to wait. The minutes lengthened into hours and my candle burned down and went out. I felt somewhat disgusted but I was not to be discouraged. I groped around in the dark until I found two large pieces of flint rock and with these near at hand I again began my watch.

An unexpected thing now happened. I had not long settled down this time when the soft canter of hoofs came to my ears. I racked my brain to try and think who it could be. Finally I remembered Kenshaw the old dutchman, who lived below us had gone to Hampton that forenoon. This must be he returning. He was a hot tempered old fellow, but I deterinmed to have some fun with him if possible. I got my flint rocks in readiness and as he came nearly opposite me I gave them a jerk together. The fire flew in every direction. With a big "Whon!" his old sorrel mare was jerked on-

to her haunches. And then as I jerked the rocks across one another a couple of times in quick succession, he put spurs to her sides and whip to her flank and they fairly flew down the roadway. My fun nearly came to an end, for I remembered a lane which he had to go through was strewn with rails to prevent vehicles in traveling it until certain repairs were made upon it. But luckily his old horse carried him safely through. Just as the fast retreating footfalls died away in the distance I heard a loud "Ha, Ha," just behind me and turned to find my father, who had been a witness to all the fun. We had our laugh and thought it quite enough for one evening so my mother and sister were not disturbed.

Summer came and went and fall set in. The crops were harvested and everything made in readiness for the cold winter.

Amusements were rife that year and "husking bees" were plentiful. At these all the neighborhood would gather and husk corn which had been stored in the barns with the husks on. After the work a bountiful supper was provided and then games and dancing.

One day they all gathered at our house, and a merry crowd it was. We told stories and joked and time seemed to go by on wings. Everybody was called upon for a story. Finally my father spoke up, "Mr. Kenshaw, we haven't heard from you yet!" A long pause ensued; "Well folks," he began, "if I'm the next victim, I'm going to tell you one of my own experiences, perhaps you won't believe it, but it is the "Gospel Truth." It happened this way.

"One day last spring I rode that old sorrel mare of mine down to Hampton. Dark overtook me before I got back and when I was passing that wood over there, just before you come to Lowrey's lane, I saw a sight which made my heart jump into my throat. (Just about that time I husked corn extra hard) Some kind of a devilish monster jumped out at me, and I do declare! it had eyes as big as saucers and the fire flew from its mouth in spirits and flames—a hide us monster, I can tell you. My horse, "May" didn't like it any better than I did and though that lane was piled high with rocks and rails, we never toched a one. I can tell you, gentlemen, we hit the high places the rest of the way home. Ghosts or no ghosts, you don't 'ketch' this chicken riding by that wood after night again.

J. T. 11".

The Brownie Bride

By C. H. '14

In a richly furnished room sat Dorothy, looking dreamily into the fire while her unfinished lesson lay on her lap. The fire before her burned brightly and cozily in the large fire place. Outside the rain poured down in torrents and the wind howled and shrieked around the corner of the house, making quite a contrast to the inside.

"My, how glad I am that I am inside"—she murmured with a contented sigh, and snuggling down more comfortably in her chair. I wouldn't go out in that rain for—" "Oh, wouldn't you?" said a voice close at her side. Dorothy started, but on looking around she saw no one. "Who is there, and what do you want?" she mustered up courage to ask. "Never mind asking questions" continued the voice after a short silence; "I will show you that a spoiled child does not always have its own way. Follow me!"

Dottie wondered how she could follow when she saw no one but on looking up, to her great amazement a little fat man stood close by her side. "Are you a brownie, or what? It seems that I have read about people that looked like you" she said timidly

"Yes, I am a brownie, and I am going to take you to our town," he answered. Immediately Dottie felt herself grow smaller till she heard the brownie say, "Now you are small enough. You

must hurry or we will be late for the wedding. The bridegroom is already there." So saying he pushed her into a little aeroplane which he had been standing in. "Hold on," cautioned the wee man, "We are going to ascend now."

Dorothy obeyed and instantly she felt herself rising, but so quickly that she could not see. Before she had time to think she felt the little brownie's rude touch again. "Jump up! you lazy girl we have reached the brownie town and all the fairies are here. Don't you realize that you are to be the bride?"

"Wh—at did you say? Oh! I to be the bride? No! No! Mama! Mama!" "Ha! Ha! no you don't," laughed the impudent little fellow, "Your mama isn't here, child. Then he pushed her out.

Soon she saw some one come striding up to her with an important air, as he consciously plumed himself because of his attire which proclaimed him the prospective groom. "Say, come on! I am the groom, you are the bride," he said.

"Never," and Dotty stamped her foot with vehemence. "Then Don't" shrieked the angered brownie. "Come here Bill! Throw this stubborn miss down the well!" And in spite of her struggles she was thrown over the brink of a large well. Down, down, she went. Thud! and suddenly she suddenly opened her eyes to see her book which had just fallen, lying on the floor.

In Memory of Our Dead

The sad duty is mine to write this concerning our school mate and friend Charles Earle Widlund, a boy who was known in Healdsburg all his life, passed away in Eugene, Oregon on December 28, 1910. The cause of his untimely death was typhoid fever.

Charley was one of the finest of young men, and grew to young manhood in this city. He was born at the family home near Healdsburg on December 18, 1888, and with the class of 1906 graduated from the Healdsburg High School with high honors. The following year was spent with a party of Northwestern Pacific surveyors in the country about Healdsburg.

In the fall of 1907 he went to Eugene, Oregon and entered the University of Oregon, taking a surveyors course, from which he would have graduated this year. He has been an industrious lad, and his vacations have all been spent in active work at his chosen calling, which have not been unremunerative, for he was an apt pupil and a conscientious worker, thus creating a constant demand for his services whenever he was not busy with his studies. So when the Grim Reaper cut off the life of one so young and bright it was a great loss to his school and his companions. The Sotoyoman heartily sympathizes with the bereaved family and we mourn the loss of Charlie.



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Assistant.....	Vera Nelligan, '11
Business Manager.....	Marshall Lewis '13
Literary Editor.....	Mary Levendusky, '12
Assistants {.....	Elsie Emmrich, '14
	Louise Doran, '13
	Helen Emmrich, '12

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Social Notes.....	Beulah Jones, '13
Alumni Notes.....	Isabel Carter, '11
Senate Notes.....	Marshall Lewis, '13
Girls' Athletics.....	Helen Meisner '11
Boys' Athletics.....	Weaver Bagley
Exchanges.....	La Clare Schulze, '11
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This month, February, though the shortest of the year, comes bristling with importance. It is connected with the memory of our glorious nation's two greatest men Washington and Lincoln. Two holidays in honor of these two heroes is sufficient reason to make the month dear to our hearts. Then, February brings still an additional touch of sentiment—St. Valentines Day. All true hearts in our land involuntarily offer reverent tribute to George Washington, the Father of Our Country

and to Abraham Lincoln the Savior of Our Country and who will not join in on—Here's to St. Valentine!

A section of this issue is respectfully devoted to the memory of Charles Widlund a former student of Healdsburg High School. He is warmly remembered by his friends here to whom the students of Healdsburg High School extend their sympathy through "Ye Sotoyoman."

We are at present considering plans for a Debating Lyceum in our student body. This is something new for our school in the way of encouragement to our debaters. A cup will be given to the successful debater in a final contest. The contestants for this final debate will be determined by trial debates for each class and one of the faculty will assist each class in preparing for the contest. The Freshman class will compete with the Juniors, the Sophomores with the Seniors. This is the first time that a reward has been offered for debating in our school and we expect the coming debate to be enthusiastic, interesting and beneficial. It will certainly be worth the effort to try. Any one would be proud to possess the reward that is offered.

Another cause for rejoicing of the student body is the fact that the faculty have resolved that one of their number shall give us a few minutes ad-

(Continued on Page Thirteen)

SCHOOL NOTES



Here we all are again after an enjoyable vacation back at the dear old High school ready for hard study.

We have with us this year, two new students, Carol Walker and Monford Lowrey.

On December 2 we had several of the Alumni with us. We were certainly very glad to see them as it seemed more like old times. Those present were:

Bera Mothorn '10, Audrey Walters '10, Gladys Hall '10, Halsey Rine '10, Addie Crispen '08, Ora Young '09 and Merle Ackerman ex '11.

We were pleased to have Royal Vitousek '08 with us on Wednesday, January 4.

Cethil Jones '10 paid us a fare well visit on January 4. He has gone to Berkeley where he expects to attend U. C.

Winifred Sawtell was a visitor on the afternoon of January.

Bera Mothorn '10 visited Vera Nelligan '11 on January 3-4.

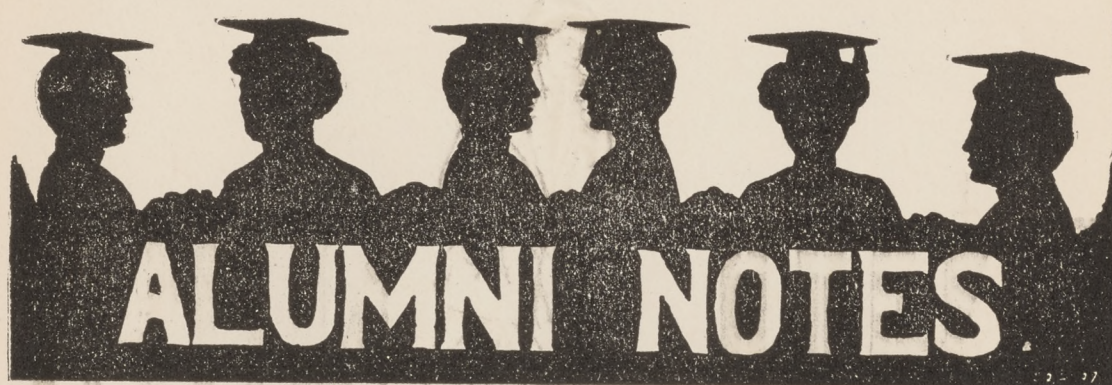
A meeting of the Student Body was called and Marshal Lewis '13 was elected as Business Manager of the Sotoyoman.

On Friday morning, January 13, Miss Harmon gave us a talk in the Assembly Hall on the subject of "Physical Culture, Past and Present". It was very good and held the attention of the school. We hear that the teachers are all to have a turn at instructing us thus—we hope it's true!

Nellie Davisson of H. C. S. visited High School on Friday, January 13.

Anna Hotchkiss was a visitor on Wednesday, January 18.

The Senior play is under way. Everyone is anticipating a treat when it is presented some time in February.



Bertha Storey '08 who recently graduated from the San Jo e State Normal school is teaching the Hamilton school this term.

Addie Crispen '68 a graduate of the San Francisco State Normal School commenced to teach the Dry Creek School January 9.

Mrs. Walter Smith (nee Candace Wagers '05) is the proud mother of a baby boy born January 10.

Rodney McClure '07 visited in Healdsburg a short time ago.

May Banks '07 has resigned her position as teacher of the Hamilton School.

Sarah Grove '05 has resigned her position as tacher of the Knights Valley school.

Miss Bessie Wolfe '06 was married in San Francisco on January 3 to Walter Robert Redwood, chief clerk in Quartermaster's Department of the Pacific U. S. A. The Sotoyoman congratulates them and wishes them a happy and prosperous married life.

Fred R. Haigh '97 has resigned his position as

cashier in the Sotoyome Bank. He will devote his time to the interests of the Simi Land Company.

Cethil Jones '10 has departed for Berkeley to take up his studies in the University.

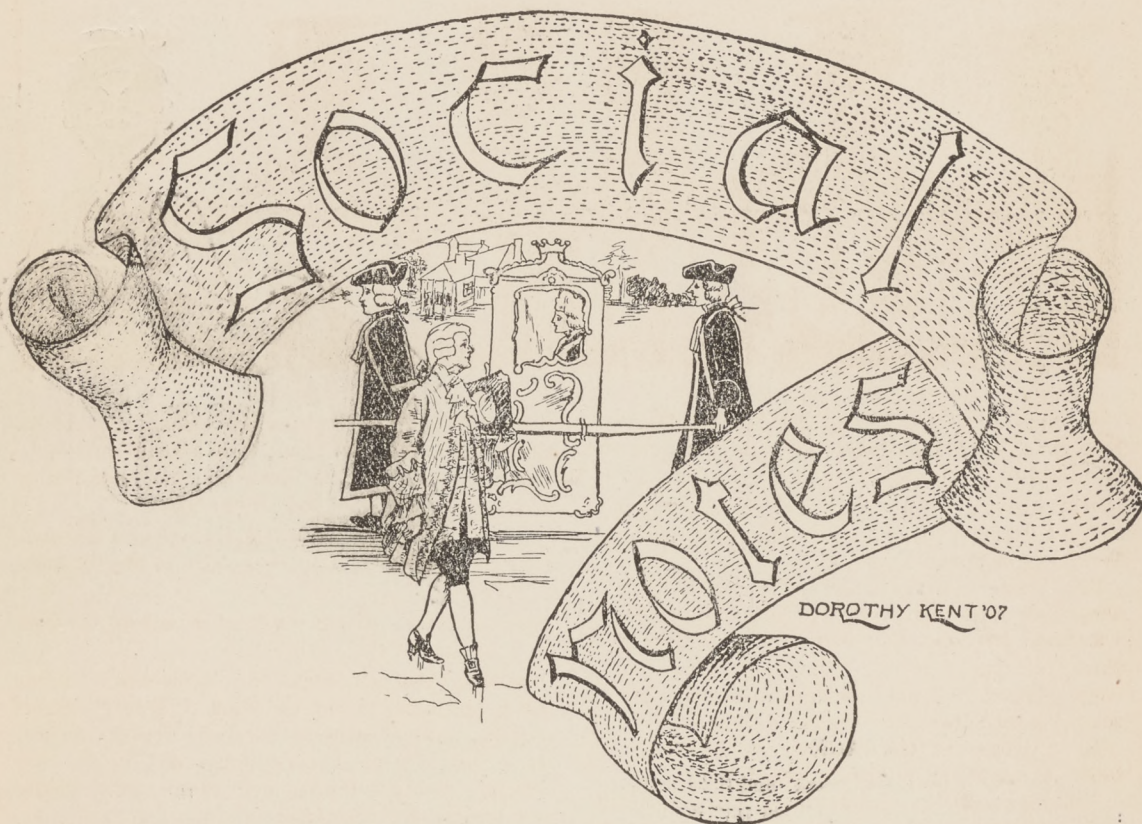
Mrs. Mae Barham nee (Mae Raymond '95) was recently married in San Francisco to Mr. William C. Wilson.

Halsey Rine '10 has returned to school to take up Trigonometry.

Harvey Frost '03 is the new accountant in the Sotoyome Bank, taking the place of J. R. Williams who has been elected to succeed Fred R. Haigh. Mr. Frost is a most excellent selection for the position, being not only competent, but a young man of excellent character.

Basil Hall '10 successfully passed the recent examination for teachers, so is a full fledged pedagogue now.

Ora Young '09 spent the New Year holidays with qer friend Merle Ackerman.



On New Year's eve, the High School students congregated in Fox's Hall for a watch party. A good representation of the Alumni was there and such a jolly time as every one had! The games were enjoyed by all, and when the evening was half over, the performance began.

Original moving pictures were given after only a moments rehearsal and the audience was very appreciative. The program ended just on the stroke of twelve so, 'mid joyous shouts of Happy New Year and merry peals of laughter the party betook themselves to a near by candy store where an order had been left by the refreshment committee.

Here they were served with dainty refreshments

and another round of fun ensued, after which all departed for their homes declaring the New Year joyously begun.

Every one is anxiously anticipating a big time on Friday evening January 20. The basket ball girls are to give the members of the High School and their friends a basket social. A program is to be rendered by the talented members of the school and many games are now being planned so that the evening will be one of enjoyment to all. An admission of ten cents will be charged to help the cause along and we hope that the school will take an active part and join with the athletic girls in making this the success of the season.



TRACK

During the past term, track and field athletics seem to have been very much on the decline. It does not seem possible that we could dwindle down to such a weak condition as our present one, after being so strong in athletics for the past three or four years.

We have our cinder path and track shed on the campus now and it does not seem as though we will be hearing the old excuses from now on that, "I can't get out tonight—got some work" or "I have to hurry home," because on your busy night you can be a little more lively and go through your training stunts and be through in half the time it took formerly, just to go out to the old track.

As soon as the heavy rains are over the track will be drained and worked up so the boys will be able to start training. Training will start about February 6.

We have several point winners, men who will

place in any of the meets scheduled this spring. Mayes promises to do well in the discus and shot. Doran is throwing strongly in the hammer and doing fairly well in the discus. Briggs will show up well in the two-twenty and quarter.

Mc Cutchan will do well in the sprints. Schulze and Bagley seem to be well up in the middle distances with Moody in the mile. Hicklin and Frost are doing well in the high jump.

We have lost two of our point winners, Scatena and Eldridge, which will weaken us some in the spring meets.

SANTA ROSA VS H. H. S.

In this game we expected to be beaten, but not by such a one sided score. This game was a try out for our first League game. Neither of our regular goalers could be signed up for the league games so two other men took their places and since they had never played on the regular team before,



were some what handicapped. It was a hard fought game, both teams playing hard. The final score stood 42-6 in favor of Santa Rosa.

As some of our men were unable on account of scholarship, to get signed and it is too late to develop other men to take their places it is barely possible that we will enter the league.

The Analy High School played our team December 16. The game was very exciting and at the end of first half we were ahead. We were greatly encouraged thinking the last half would end in our favor. But we were sadly disappointed for at end of the last half the game stood 17 to 15 with Analy in the lead. Many people considered the score a tie but we had to accept the official scorer's score.

We are very sorry to lose Ethel Gater one of our guards, who has not been able to return to school on account of sickness. We will now have to get another guard which seems almost impossible for we have such a few to choose from.

[Editorial Cont. from page 8]

dress from time to time on topics of interest. As Professor Hinchey says, "When they get a good thing, they are going to pass it on to us." Professor Hinchey has occasionally given us talks on current events and we have always found them most interesting. On January 13, Miss Harmon spoke to us for a few moments on Physical Culture—its history, what it is, and what it means to us. The students enjoyed and appreciated Miss Harmon's address and hope to enjoy more addresses in the near future.

According to our plans at present, the March number of "Ye Sotoyoman" will be edited by the Junior class, to relieve the present staff. The present staff will enjoy a rest and of course we suppose the Junior class will enjoy relieving us. Without a doubt the class certainly has ability and I think we will be justified in expecting a production that will do them honor and gladden the rest of us and cause us to "take notice."



One of the grossest defects in most school papers is the total lack of interest in schools not in the near vicinity of the paper. They seem to forget that the object of the paper is to stimulate knowledge and to raise themselves to a higher standard. The exchanges are great aid to this, in that they bring distant portions of the country in contact with one another, and by a careful study and criticism of these papers they are able to improve their own edition. Therefore more care should be taken that each paper receives exchanges from all portions of the country and not simply a few local issues.

It is with pleasure that I read the "Polytechnic Journal" from San Louis Obispo, for the change for the better is great indeed. The advertisements should be restricted to the inside of the cover sheet, and the artists should make an effort to improve the cuts as they give the paper a crude effect which is a great defect.

The December number of "The Manzanita" is the first issue I have had the pleasure of receiving this year. It is truly a pleasure, for the paper from an artistic standpoint is above reproach from start to finish. Your collection of stories is far above par, and your criticisms well chosen though limited. This could be easily remedied by a more careful distribution of your exchanges.

If one desires a community in which patriotism is strong I do not think he need seek further than Reedly. The description entitled "Reflections" certainly boosts the country. The stories of this edition are quite interesting, and the editorial is excellent. You also deserve great credit for ranking among those very few who are able to restrain volumes of advertising in the front of your paper.

"The Bulletin" from the Montclair H. S. is a very newsy little paper. The stories and the department material are good. The artistic effect however is lacking, and the manner in which the material is arranged seriously detracts from the general appearance, for a school periodical cannot be concentrated as can a daily paper.

In issuing the "Maroon and White" the students of "Wardner High" step far from the path usually followed by high schools in the literary line, for a school paper to be half magazine and half daily paper seems a trifle strange. The paper however seems to be full of good live material, and if the general appearance were changed and a few cuts inserted it would rank well among school periodicals.

"The Oasis" from Reno Nevada, ranks among those papers that are both edifying and interesting. The editorials appeal to the thoughtful student, while the descriptions entertain the casual reader. To the artistic student the paper however

is seriously deficient in cuts of quality and the staff artists should make an effort to remedy this defect.

"The Wallace World" from Nashville Tennessee shows that there is good material in the school from the stories, but this talent is used to such a slight degree in the various departments excepting the locals which are excellent that the entire paper is careless and weak.

The saying from ocean to ocean sounds distant and distant it truly is but distance does not effect custom as long as it is within the great United States. This is plainly shown by the managers of the "Argus" from distant Shelton Connecticut who as stoically place pages of advertisements in the front of their paper, as the inhabitants of sunny California are prone to do. Their other material however is good.

It is strange that being situated in such beautiful building the students of the Allegheny High school do not assimilate some sense of the artistic and prepare a cover design for the "Wah Hoo" which by the bye has a number of excellent stories in its Christmas issue. The absolute carelessness of the Exchange editor deserves censure.

Beyond a doubt the "Crocus" of Mitchell S. D. is improving each issue. The literary department is excellent but the lack of cuts has a deteriorating effect which can be easily remedied. Also I think the exchange department is for other purposes than for placing the praises received from other papers.

The artistic merit of the "Alert" of Turlock California is never at fault. The stories are excellent examples of literary perfection in wording and thought. In my opinion however a little less sentimentality and a little more good sound fact and news would be an improvement.

The November issue of the "Guard and Tackle" falls far below the standard of excellence usually held to by that worthy paper. The story "Hi Perkins" begins fairly well but by stopping abruptly at the end of the second page, the story is ruined; such negligence on the part of the printer is deplorable. Then the dumping of the various activities under one head gives the impression that the editors are lazy and the carelessness of the exchange editor is so great that he neglects to appear in the issue at all, not even an apology is offered. It is also pitiful in a school of the size of Stockton

that the girls are of so little importance that they are disposed of in a few terse sentences. Our sincere wish is that by herculean efforts you may redeem yourselves by the next edition and hereafter uphold your heretofore excellent record.

Barre Vermont is quite notable for the fact that she issues a very newsy little paper that is totally devoid of cuts. If this is a principle of the school it should be announced, but a few illustrations would greatly improve the appearance of the paper.

We have the pleasure of receiving our first "Whizze" and sincerely hope it will not be the last. The paper is full of interesting material but the scarcity of cuts is not commendable.

If papers were judged by names "The Dragon" would be a fierce paper, but names are deceiving for we have not a better little paper among our exchanges. The quality of the literary work shows that the interest in the paper is very high.

It always has been a great pleasure to look over the "Acorn" and the commencement number is an improvement over the past issue if such is possible in such a good school paper. The editorials and exchange department, show that there are thoughtful students in the school, and the material is not to fill up space but to inform and improve the readers.

The excellence of the little paper edited by the girls of the Ward Seminary of Nashville Tennessee [The Ward Sentinel] is indeed a revelation. It thoroughly portrays what work and determination can accomplish.

The staff of the "Echo" from Santa Rosa certainly did themselves credit when they issued their December edition. The stories are of sufficient number well written and entertaining. The editorials show careful thought, and the Joke section is really amusing. Therefore the paper is quite commendable.

The "Black and Gold" of Decatur Texas still shows evidence of improvement in the literary line as well as in the various departments, but either obtain few cuts or announce that cuts are against the principles of the editors.

The "St Mathews school" issues an excellent paper and we are ever glad to receive it, as it makes a striking addition to our exchange list.



On Friday, January 6th, Congress convened for the third session to hear a discussion of Bill No. 2—An act providing for government ownership of railroads. After the usual preliminaries and a second reading of the aforesaid Bill, the discussion began.

Roy Haley, Senator from Maryland led off with a very able speech, and Floyd Darby, of the Freshmen class, rose to dispute it. He spoke well for the negative side and represented his class in quite a capable manner, which was but living up to his own statement that, "The Freshies can talk as well as anyone." We are extremely glad to see evidences of interest among the Freshmen—it's the best possible sign!

John Bruce, of Massachusetts spoke next for the affirmative and gave plenty of good, sound evidence, founded on statistics. Joe Thompson, our

worthy president, having given the chair over to Waver Bagley, then took up the negative argument, and argued well. The Hon. Haley then closed the debate. A standing vote defeated the Bill, but the above mentioned Haley demanded a roll call vote. It stood 48-36 against the bill.

After a first reading of Bill No. 3—An act providing for an educational examination for would-be citizens—the worthy body adjourned.

Rumors are being noised abroad to the effect that there are to be a series of class debates and a final inter-class, the winners in this to have their names engraved upon a cup to be presented by the school. Some talk there has been, too, of sending representatives from H. H. S. to debate against other schools. That would certainly be fine, and we hope these plans will all materialize. Then you'll hear something in our next!

Sounds from De Sotoyome High School

HEARD IN THE ANTEROOM

SCENE I.

Girls anteroom.

"You've dripped nearly a gallon of water into my rubber from that old umbrella of yours. So step aside."

"Girls, he did come last night and we had the grandest time."

"Is my hair on straight?"

"O, I have something so funny to tell you. Do come here quick."

"I just hate thieves. Where in the world is my

book?"

"Age before beauty. My turn at the glass next."

SCENE II

Boys Anteroom

"Aw go chase yourself. Can't you give a fellow a chance to hang up his cap?"

"Here, move on. This is my peg."

"Quit shoving me. She won't ever look at me, if I don't get my hair combed."

"For pity sake, don't make so much noise. Don't you know theres a sick man in Santa Rosa."

J. A. Enos

Geo. T. Hansen

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C. J. Rouse East side of Plaza
in Kinslow Building

CUTS IN THIS ISSUE

MADE BY

The Commercial Art Company

53 Third Street, San Francisco



Found in the Hall.

Healdsburg High School,

My dear Mother,

Oh if you were only here to protect me from this awful torture. First the Sophomores come along and nearly annihilate us just because we are freshmen. The Juniors help them out by approving of it and the Seniors look so wise we can't ask them to help us.

When I went into the school house they said "ruff him around a while" and I thought I was going to get my nice new suit all spoiled. After while a nice looking girl got up and told me I could have her seat and when I asked her why she was so kind to me she said, "Well it's a question whether you or I shall stand upon my feet." Just then somebody talked right out loud in school and said "Thats him Beans, the atrocious, obnoxious, impertenant, super-flip-flop little blockhead, tell him to cease this hilarity or he will be chucked out of the typewriting room window." I don't know why they call her Beans but I think it is because she eats candy beans all the time in school.

There is an awfully pretty girl sits near me named Ethel and I think she likes me because she called me dear yesterday. It was like this: I was drawing pictures for her in my new tablet and she said "What's the difference between a doe, a fawn and a donkey? I didn't know so she said, "a doe is a female deer, a fawn is a baby deer and the donkey is you dear." I think I like her too.

They call one of the Sophomores "Hic" because

he stays out late at night. He got scolded badly for putting a pin in the teachers' chair and had to promise not to do it again but when he got down stairs he said "Well I won't put pins in the old duffer's chair, tacks will serve the same purpose.

My dear teacher asked Jimmy Price why he was so bad in school and he told her that he forgot to make goodness one of his New Year's resolutions and so he would have to wait until next year before he could commence and besides none but the good die young and he wanted to live long enough to get a chance to bang Sandy over the head with a book.

The Juniors are getting awfully stuck up and they will hardly speak to us just because the Seniors don't. The only news is that the boys have only appropriated twenty-seven bags of peanuts from the roaster in the last twelve hours and Teo Rosenberg forgot to study during a study period. An awful disaster ocured some time ago and it is still serious; a Parrot ate Lewis Byington's heart and it is doubtful if he will recover.

Well an eraser just missed my head so I had better close before I am ready for the hospital.

Your ever-loving son.

A Freshie.

Miss S. Geom. IV hands out papers for examination.

J. T. '11, having brought no compass to class, asked pitifully of Miss S.—"May I have my bottle?"

She—"Don't you think trusts are soulless things?"
He—"How about a shoe trust?"

Visitor to "Dolphy." "How many teachers in this school."
Dolphy. "Two men and four teachers."

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Several different styles at the uniform price of \$1.25. These must be seen to be appreciated.

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Time 12.30 Place dinner

R. M. '14 "This is a queer process isn't it.

J. B. '12. "What process?"

R. M. '14 "Stuffing food in a hole in your mouth."

Heard in the Assembly Hall.

Voice from teacher's desk. "Mr. B. is that your seat?" "Take your own seat!" (Giggle) That seat near Miss P. seems to have quite an attraction for you.

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LATIN II

E. H. '13 "How do you say ought in Latin?"

Sandy '13—"Why 'ain't' you done yet?"

A. S. '13—No, she's too slow to stop quick.

Miss Studley—Eng. I. "What are the fashions
of the American girl of today?"

Voice from the class, 'Hobble skirts, curls and
puffs.'

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In Hist. III, Miss J.—what is the repentance for sin?

Answer from rear—Go to the office.

B. F. '12 to L. F. '13 "Say Lete I saw the queerest old lady down town in the rickettiest wagon with an old horse with one eye tied behind.

Jimmie Dumps
Hobo
Bosco
Pippin
Harry Hit
Tred Wright
Freak

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